

## THE HISTORY OF VOTING

Modern Australian Ballots Were Employed by the Old Romans.

## SECRET BALLOTS IN GREECE

The Pope Chosen by a Two-Thirds Secret Vote of the Cardinals—How a Venetian Doge Was Elected.

Where did the ballot come from? Like Topsy and most other human institutions, it "grewed." And in its growth it has taken such varied forms as will make an interesting study. Of course, in the good old times, when all civilized countries were governed by kings, there was no use for a ballot. A primitive, self-governing tribe, like those of the ancient Germans, were satisfied with viva voce voting. The Hebrews, before they had kings, might be called a self-governing people. Strictly, however, their theory of government put everything in the hands of God, and in technical terms was a theocracy. If a public officer must be chosen, he was named by God's representative, the priest or prophet. Or else lots were cast and it was expected that God would send the right lot to the right man. It is not unlikely that such casting of lots gave the first hint of a secret ballot.

According to a writer in the New York Evening Sun, the ancient Greeks used the ballot in enacting laws and in courts, where there were a large number of judges. The ballot was originally a pebble, whole for a yes vote, or pierced with a hole for a no.

Voting by Wheels and Pebbles. Sometimes there was only one stone, which was dropped into a yes or no box. Later the pebble was changed for a little bronze wheel. A few of these have been found in modern times, stamped on one side with the words "Official Ballot" and on the other with the number of the judicial district.

In electing officers the Greeks voted by show of hands. Of course, when a large number of voters were present, the show of hands was not used for lots, and those who were understood to be hungry for office received the suggestive name of the bean-eaters. The idea here was that every citizen was good enough to hold office, and this was the most impartial way of dividing the spoils. They never used a secret ballot to vote for candidates in the modern fashion, but only to vote against them.

If party spirit was running high, and the power of a boss was growing dangerous, vote of exile was ordered. Each citizen wrote a name on an oyster shell or a piece of broken crockery, and put this vote secretly into the box. Any boss against whom there is a sufficient majority must leave the country for ten years.

## Ostracism Like a Modern Ballot.

This peculiar institution, called ostracism, is really the nearest approach the Greeks made to a modern ballot system. Ostracism went out of use because on a certain important occasion the thunderbolt failed to hit either of the eminent leaders, but struck a comparatively obscure person.

The details are not quite clear. It has been suggested, however, that the great bosses made a deal by which they were to let each other alone, and give all the votes to a troublesome third party man. This result was so unsatisfactory to the people that ostracism was given up.

The ballot was introduced into Rome in the second century B. C. This was the real Australian ballot. The voter received a wooden slate covered with wax, on which the names of all the candidates were scratched. He made holes in the wax opposite those of his choice and dropped his tablet in the box.

After the downfall of the Roman republic popular government took a long sleep, and there was little use for a ballot till quite modern times. Still, some of the most curiously elaborate ballot systems known were developed in the small governing bodies of the middle ages.

## Cardinals Voting for a Pope.

One of these is the form for electing a pope, which has continued to our own time. All the cardinals are locked up together in a suite of rooms at the Vatican, and forbidden to have any communication with the outside world till they have made a choice. Food is passed in to them, but if the pope is not elected within a few days they are put on prison rations by way of quickening their work.

A ballot is taken every morning, followed by another, to give an opportunity for changing votes. Each cardinal receives a printed blank. He first signs it, then folds it so as to conceal the signature, and seals it. On the uncovered part of the paper he writes the name of his candidate. If there is not a two-thirds majority the ballots are burned, and the smoke tells the waiting crowd outside that there is no election.

The same process is repeated every evening. When any candidate gets the necessary two-thirds the sealed signatures are opened, to make sure that no unauthorized person has voted. Then the election is publicly announced.

This carefulness, however, is nothing to that which was used in electing a doge of Venice. The Venetian legislators despairing of getting an election which would not be controlled by politicians' intrigues, called in the lot as their helper.

## The Election of a Doge of Venice.

When a doge was to be elected the great council of between 400 and 500 members were called together. Those below 30 years of age were shut out and the names of the rest were written on slips of paper. A small boy was then picked up on the street and brought in to draw out 30 names.

Out of these 30 nine were chosen to go on with the election. They were to choose 40 others. Four of them nominated five each, five of them four each; and each of the 49 must be confirmed by a two-thirds vote of the nine. Out of these 49 names 12 were taken by lot.

The 12 in the same way chose a new board of 25, the chairman nominating three and each of the others two, a three-fourths vote being necessary to elect. These nine then chose 45 others, of whom the lot picked out 11.

These 11, still in the same form, nominate 41 to elect the doge. Each of these must be confirmed by a majority vote of the whole of the great council. Then the 41 were locked up together to go on with their election. While they were locked up each of them was furnished with whatever he asked for, regardless of expense. But the same must be given to each of the 41.

For instance, there was once an elector who wished to read in Zapp's Fables. He got his book, but not till all Venice had been ransacked to find the necessary 41 copies. At another time one of them ordered a rosary. Forty-one rosaries made their appearance in due form.

## A Trying Time for News Seekers.

This treatment was expected to make the electors so unanimous that at least 25 of them would agree on a doge. When this took place the rignarolo was over.

An evening newspaper, trying to follow the returns in Venice at that time, would have had painful times.

Coming back to the ballot as used by common mortals, and coming down to this century, the Hungarian ballot of 30 years ago is one of the most interesting. The voter had given him a stick from four to six feet long. With this he went alone into a room where the ballot boxes were placed, each bearing the name and color of the candidate. In one of these he must place his stick. The object in having such a large ballot was to make sure that there were not two or three extra ones concealed in the citizen's pockets. But this law has now been replaced by prosaic paper.

In Greece at the present day the ballot is a little lead ball. There is a box for each candidate, divided into two compartments. A clerk goes from box to box with the voter, carrying a bowl full of these balls. At each box the voter takes one, puts his hand into a funnel, out of sight, and drops his ball into the yes or no compartment, making a vote for or against the candidate. If he wishes to vote for more than one party there is nothing to prevent him.

In Italy each voter, on registering, gets a ticket of admission to the polling house. He stamps this paper, with a copy of the law printed on the back, is handed to him. On this paper he must write his vote.

The French ballot system is much like what the American was five years ago. England uses the Australian ballot.

## THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

He is a Queer Man, and He Has Only One Close Friend.

From the Birmingham Post.

The sultan is now about 60 years of age, of tall figure, although rather stooping from the shoulders. His movements are nervous and abrupt. The complexion is bilious and his face is covered by a beard of in-crease thickness; the nose large, nothing cruel or ferocious in the expression of the eye, which is only restless and searching, full of anxiety and suspicion. Such is the aspect presented by the sultan as sovereign. Those who have been admitted to private intercourse with him at Yildiz Kiosk describe him as courteous, though reserved, in manners; speaking slowly and deliberately, and in an exceedingly low tone, in harmony with the silence of the place, where the walls are all covered with tapestry of the richest fabric, and the floor with carpet into which the feet sank by reason of its excessive thickness, precluding the possibility of any sound reaching the apartments from without. They say that he possesses in an eminent degree that charm of easy acquisition peculiar to sovereigns—the faculty of assuming interest in the intimate existence of his visitor, and will inquire in a soft and tender voice for news of the wife and youthful family, which charms the listener into belief of the sincerity of the inquirer. No greater contrast can be imagined than that which exists between the sultan and his brother autocrat, the emperor of Russia. They are the only two omnipotent sovereigns left in Europe; the one hard and inflexible as a bar of iron, the other supple and easy to bend as a willow wand.

It is quite a mistake to fancy that Abdul Hamid passes his life in voluptuous idleness behind the closed lattices of the Yildiz Kiosk; on the contrary, his time is spent in the study of all the questions of the day, and in all those relating to state government they say he is proficient. His principal recreation is the study of astronomy, and he often passes the greater portion of the night in the observatory constructed under his supervision at Yildiz.

His own intimate friend, Osman Pasha, declares that Abdul Hamid is impressed with the idea that to him have been confided by Allah the keys of Europe, and his nervous temperament leads him to feel most acutely the responsibility of the charge. No man works harder than he. He rises with the dawn, and takes but few hours' sleep, sometimes with pen in hand writing the whole night. "He studies every question," says Osman Pasha, "knows all about everything, reads everything which concerns his business, and ever since the affairs of the Turkish provinces have occupied the foreground, he signs every document presented him, from the appointment of a governor to the nomination of the lowest office of the palace. Of all the difficulties the sultan has had to overcome," adds Osman Pasha, "that of maintaining a strict political neutrality has been the greatest."

Refuting all accusations of partiality, whether for English, French or German policy, the sultan remains Turk and Ottoman to the backbone; and the acute politicians of every country stand ready, prepared to meet this trait in his character, in view of the trouble now brewing in the East, of which none can fail to perceive the symptoms. He is persuaded that the Turkish soldiers are the best in the world, the most enduring under privation, the most amenable to discipline, the most ready to die in defense of his creed. "To the soldier has Allah assigned the task of defending the empire, and to the ruler the task of restoring its ancient glory." Such is the account given by the French official admitted to the intimacy of an individual high in office. It is worth recording, as a forewarning of the part that Abdul Hamid will be called upon to play in the troubles that gather about the sultan—and, indeed, around us all, for the matter of that.

## He Drooped His Washing.

From the Rochester Democrat.

It was early the other morning and he had evidently been to a ward meeting where they had been something else besides patriotism on tap. He ambled along down State street and presently his eye caught onto a sign in front of a laundry which read, "Drop your laundry in the box." He stared at it and then took a cursory glance at his cuffs. He read the sign over two or three times and looked two or three times at his cuffs. He finally pulled them off and threw them into the box and then he took his collar and fired that in too. He was just about to throw his shirt in when a cold-hearted policeman happened along and shouted: "Hey there! What in blazes are you doing?"

The bled politician said nothing, but kept on tugging at his shirt. "What are you doing there?" asked the policeman again, this time in a tone that caused the shirtless gentleman to stop in his tracks and endeavor to put his head out of the neckband which he had not unbuttoned. With the utmost gravity he said: "Well, I shoo 'is shign an' my linen's showin'at soiled, an' I thou' I'd drop in an' wash 'em until they washed; shoo?"

And the policeman didn't have the heart to pull him in but joined him along until he had him safely over the line on the next man's beat.

## Possible Loss on the Investment.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Is he very sick, doctor?"

"He is, but with proper care he will recover."

"Save him, doctor!" exclaimed Mr. Skinfint, with strong feeling. "That boy has cost me \$25 for clothes and school books, and he is just getting big enough to be of some use!"

Throughout the entire world about 35,000,000 people die every year.

## TAMING A DUSKY CHIEF

The Part of Pocahontas Played by an African Girl.

## RETURNED TO HER LOVER

Taken to England and Highly Educated, She Goes Back to Her Country and Throws Away Her Clothes.

Advice from Monrovia, Liberia, says that Whreabo, king of all the Bassas, died on June 2 at his head town in the interior of Grand Cornah, a trading station of Liberia. The Bassas are a very numerous and intelligent people, inhabiting a large district on the west coast of Africa, and Whreabo was one of the most interesting characters on the coast. His father was Boyer, who repeatedly waged war to prevent the Americo-Liberians from settling at Grand Bassa. Boyer, however, fell a victim to the vengeance of the Liberian laws and died a bloody death, but not before he had instilled hatred of the civilized blacks in the mind of his son and heir.

After Boyer's death Whreabo attempted to take control of the government of his tribe, but he was prevented from doing so by his brother Taipu, who will be remembered by many old traders as "Tom Will." For months the Bassas, in factions supporting, respectively, Whreabo and Taipu, engaged in a guerrilla war. Neither side gained any decided advantage. Taipu had always been more or less friendly to the Americo-Liberians, so when the merchants of Monrovia demanded that the troubles, which interrupted trade should end, the Liberian government exerted its power for his benefit, with the result that Whreabo was driven to an asylum in the bush, while Taipu took his father's town, his wives and all the Bassa country.

Taipu was not long permitted to enjoy the dignity which he had usurped. Troubles arose from cruelties inflicted on Liberia's citizens by the Vie people, a warlike tribe further north, and diverted the attention of the Liberian government from the affairs of Bassa. This was Whreabo's opportunity and he took advantage of it. He endeavored to oust his brother from power, and success followed his arms. It was not many weeks before the dead body of Taipu, swathed in many bandages, stood, mummy-like, in a corner in his chief widow's hut awaiting burial, and Whreabo began to rule over the country.

The fact that Whreabo had secured power in Bassa land gave the Liberian merchants excellent reason for alarm. Almost all export articles, such as oil, skins, camwood, ivory and rice, are obtained in the Bassa districts, and this field controlled by a chief hostile to Liberia, meant that all commerce in this direction would be brought to disaster. Events soon made it plain that Whreabo intended to hold no peaceful relations with his civil neighbors. He looked the emperor of Liberia's merchants, drove the traders from their stations and issued an edict that no produce of any kind was to be sold to Liberians by any of his people under pain of instant death. The "palaver" ground in Whreabo's town became a town wherein were performed many bloody acts. Hundreds of the followers of the dead Taipu daily lost their heads, and for weeks the savage chieftain held high carnival with death, until, feeling secure, he gathered his hordes around him and prepared to descend on Grand Bassa for the purpose of driving the Liberian settlers into the sea.

The Vies in the north at this time, encouraged by the intriguing English of Sierra Leone, were offering such stubborn resistance to the Liberian forces that the Liberian government found it impossible to do anything for the relief of its citizens in Bassa land, and it was decided to issue an order that Grand Bassa be abandoned and all Liberian citizens leave the country. On the day when it had been determined to make this order public there arrived in the port of Monrovia the Liberian capital, the bark Edwards. This vessel came from England, and brought a beautiful negress who called herself Jacinto Boyer.

From Jacinto's earliest day stirring incidents marked her life. While little more than an infant she had been stolen from her parents, who were Mandingoes, and sold to Portuguese slave traders. The vessel which was bearing her to Brazil was captured by an English gunboat, and the poor was turned toward Sierra Leone, where the humane cargo was to be turned over to the English authorities. The slaver was wrecked before reaching her destination, and of all on board the only ones saved were the officer in charge of the vessel and Jacinto. Shortly after the wreck the English captain was cast on the beach they were discovered by the savages, and by them were taken to Boyer, at his chief town in the interior. Boyer was then in the midst of his struggle with the Liberians, and the civilized man who fell into his power was fortunate if he was killed without torture.

When the Englishman was brought into Boyer's presence he raised his phony to strike him, but Jacinto sprang forward and threw her little arms around the intended victim.

"No! No! King," she said, "give me the white man. The sudden action of the little captive arrested Boyer's arm. All the Bassa women are extremely ugly, and the beauty of the Vie girl so pleased the chief that he hesitated. Whreabo, then a lad of ten years, was an interested spectator, and when the young girl made her plea his precocious eyes discovered that she was fair, and, struck by a sudden fancy to earn favor in her sight, he joined her in petitioning his father to save the white man's life.

"The strange maiden shall be thy wife and the white man be a slave to both of you," was the answer to Boyer.

A few months after this Boyer was killed and his town was taken by the Liberians. The Englishman was rescued and returned to Europe with Jacinto. There she was educated, and when she grew into womanhood, despite all the efforts of her friends, she took passage on the Edwards for Africa, where she intended to devote her life to missionary work among the Bassas. Arriving at Monrovia when she did, the Liberian authorities refused her permission to proceed to Bassa land; but, securing the services of two Kroo boys, she embarked in a frail canoe and stole away. After four days and nights on the ocean she reached her destination, and she sent the Kroo boys back to Monrovia. She discarded all clothes and the costume of the country (a cloth around her loins) began her journey for the chief town of the Bassas.

Arriving at Whreabo's town, Jacinto found him busily preparing for his warlike expedition against his enemies, but when she in her beauty presented herself before him and told him who she was his purpose changed. Instead of proceeding to war he gave orders for feasting and general rejoicing to celebrate the return of his long lost bride. Jacinto accepted this position and used her influence in such a way that Whreabo forgot his warlike intentions. By degrees she so influenced him that he dismissed his other wives. She induced him to look upon

the Liberians without hatred, and so changed him that eventually, from being that colony's enemy, he became a bulwark to protect it from its foes. Finally she won him to Christianity.

For many years this woman exerted an influence for good over the savage chief, but some ten years ago she died. Since then Whreabo has never left his town, but, aged, blind and feeble, patiently waited for the final summons.

## THREE DOLLARS OR LIFE.

How a Young Man Found a Friend When Very Much in Need.

New York Correspondence Kansas City Star.

A young man who lives on his wits in the Tenderloin district said: "The toughest situation I was ever in was when I went into a Sixth avenue gambling den and began playing roulette on a bluff. It was the most desperate moment of my life. I hadn't a cent in my pocket that I knew of, and I had to have \$100 at once or else—well I had to have that \$100."

"I turned into the Sixth avenue place and went up three narrow flights of stairs to the room where the tables were. There were a few hard-looking men playing at the wheel, one or two were sitting in at the far game, and a poker party was at work in one corner."

"As I glanced around I noticed sitting alone, in a chair tipped against the wall, an old, white haired man, with kind blue eyes. He looked at me quizzically through the smoke of his cigar."

"I saw that the man keeping the roulette wheel was just about flipping the marble. I stepped up quickly to the table, and as the marble went spinning around I called hurriedly for 13 worth of chips. The man behind the wheel passed them out in three stacks, and I instantly placed them on my three favorite numbers. I then pretended feeling in my pockets for the money to pay for them."

"Of course I took my time as though I was interested in the marble. When it ceased rolling I was still fumbling in my pocket. I had won, and the bank owed me. I smiled at the man keeping the wheel. He was looking at me very sharply and with an angry expression in his eyes. 'Well,' said he, 'well,' I returned. 'Put down your \$3 for those chips,' he went on."

"But I won't," I rejoined, 'and you owe me.' 'That's all right,' said he; 'we owe you when you've shown that you were playing a square game. We don't lend chips to studs, see? Put down your cash.' 'Oh, all right,' I replied, and went on fumbling in my empty pocket."

"The second time I came out at the wheel grew deeper. Finally he broke out with, 'I knew it. Say, boys, here's a snide player. Let's do him up.' I knew the place I was in."

"I had tried a desperate man's game and they had seen through it. I was sure to be beaten into a jelly. 'Just as I was looking around to see where my chance was to escape, the old man with the kind blue eyes made a dash for me."

He threw his arm around me and called out: 'I've got him, boys. Let's teach him that it is to beat a respectable game.' I threw the old fellow off without much effort."

"Give me a chance," I cried. 'I've got the money. Let me find it.' The old man shouted: 'Give him a chance, boys. Let him show up if he can, and if he can't, I'll let him come now, turn your pockets inside out.'"

"I look first at him and then around the room to see if there was a loophole to rush through."

"As I studied the field I pushed my fingers into my waistcoat pocket again. To my surprise I felt what seemed like a few back notes. I drew out the small roll of paper. It was money. I unrolled it. There was just three \$1 bills. I never flinched, but quietly put the money down on the table and remarked: 'There you are.'"

The roulette keeper growled and proceeded to count out \$600 for me. I took it, played a few more turns, lost nearly a hundred and then quit. I went down into the avenue and waited there in front of the door for a minute."

"Presently the old man with the kind eyes came down. I asked him why he had put the money into my pocket. 'Because,' said he, 'you are a good-looking young fellow, and because that is the meanest gambler in New York that keeps that house.'"

"I am going to break his bank before I get through and I don't care how I do it. But don't you ever try that game of yours again. I have seen more than one man killed for the same thing."

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Washington girl killed a 400-pound bear last week. He was destroying the sheep, when she went to the rescue of the flock.

A meteorite, found a few weeks ago in the rotten roots of a willow tree at Laysan, Denmark, was seen by the flunder to all into the tree in August, 1843.

The custom of sending souvenir cards at Christmastide has been declining in England for several years, and the indications are that it will soon die out.

In future the killed Highland regiments of the British army will be supplied with seven yards of tartan per man for kilts, instead of five yards, as heretofore.

The first ship's doctor on record is believed to have been St. Luke, who is shown by recent research to have been a physician in the Troad when he first met St. Paul.

A runaway locomotive on the Blairtown, N. J., railroad beat all previous records last Friday by making the 12 miles between Bairdstown and Portland in six minutes.

A Hebrew paper printed in Pittsburgh declares that every Hebrew young woman should resolve to dress plainly, and thus treble her chances of getting married within a year.

The latest and most gigantic hunting story comes from California, Scotland, where, it is said, a lad of 16 years performed the extraordinary feat of killing two stags with one shot.

A Flint man named Osband claims to have resided in Michigan longer than any other person not born in the state. He went there in 1825, living for many years at Nankin, Wayne county.

Within the past month work and wages have been offered to the Russian Hebrew exiles by 3,500 industrial establishments, factories and mining corporations through the United Hebrew Charities.

Western Washington loggers tell of an immense log, recently floated down the Snuquamish river, which five oxen had difficulty in hauling. It was a fir log, 32 feet in length and 89 inches in diameter at the largest end.

Moose are so very plentiful in Northern Maine that, as a sportsman can legally kill but one in a season, it is something of a disappointment to throw away the only chance on an undersized or lean animal, or one with poor antlers.

A French journal announces a cure for obesity. This is to never eat more than one dish at each meal, no matter what that dish may be, and a person may consume a sufficient quantity to fully satisfy the appetite. No condiments, soups or desserts are to be allowed.

To the long list of food fishes caught in Oregon waters is to be added the mackerel. Five fishes that looked to be mackerel were caught at Astoria one day last week, two off the wharf and three in a boat. One of the fishes will be sent to the Smithsonian institution, Washington, to decide upon its classification.

## MONTANA

## Lumber and Produce Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS.

Wholesale Dealers in FLOUR. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hay, Grain, Feed, and Hard and Soft Coal. We carry in stock a full line of

## BAIN &amp; MITCHELL WAGONS

From Quartz Gears to Light Spring Wagons. Also Clark, Perry, Studebaker and

## STANDARD • BUGGIES • AND • CARRIAGES

And a full line of Road Carts of best makes. Garden City, Clipper and Chilled Plows, a full line of Peters and Mortley Bros' Concord Harness, Smith, Worthington & Co.'s Carriage Buggy and Truck Harness. Saddles, Whips, robes and Busters, and everything pertaining to a

Call and look through our Stock. It is complete in all the different lines and we defy competition.

J. T. CARROLL, Manager.

## STANDARD FIRE BRICK CO.,

J. B. LOSEE, President. SILVEN HUGHES, Secretary. S. A. ESTES, Treasurer.

## THE

MANUFACTURERS OF

## The Finest Silica Brick

## FOR FURNACES AND OVENS

In use at the large Smelters of Butte and Anaconda where they give better satisfaction than any hitherto tested, surpassing the Colorado and imported brick formerly used.

## Prices Below Competition.

## Freight Rates Moderate.

## Quick Delivery Guaranteed.

## THE STANDARD FIRE BRICK CO.,

ANACONDA,

MONTANA.